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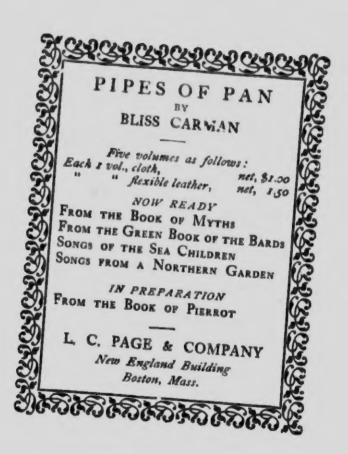
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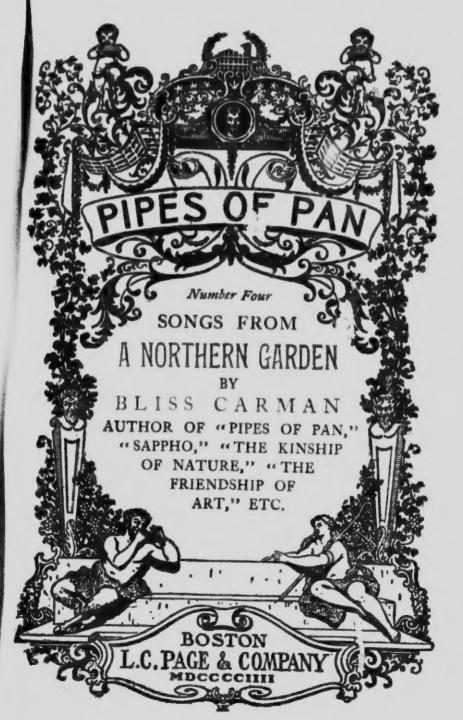




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Across the purple valleys,
Along the misty hills,
By murmur-haunted rivers
And silver-gurgling rills,
By woodland, swamp and barren,
By road and field and plain,
Arrives the Green Enchantress,
Our Lady of the Rain.

Her pure and mystic planet
Is lighted in the west;
In ashy-rose and lilac
Of melting evening dressed,
With golden threads of sunset
Inwoven in her gown,

With glamour of the springtime She has bewitched the town.

Her look is soft with dreaming On old forgotten years; Her eyes are grave and tender With unpermitted tears; For she has known the sorrows Of all this weary earth, Yet ever brings it gladness, Retrieval and new birth.

And when her splendid pageant, Sidereal and slow,
With teeming stir and import
Sweeps up from line to snow,
There's not an eager mortal
But would arise and make
Some brave unpromised venture
For her immortal sake.

For no man knows what power
Is sleeping in the seed,
What destiny may slumber
Within the smallest deed.
In calm no fret can hurry,
Nor any fear detain,
She brings our own to meet us—
Our Lady of the Rain.

She saw the red clay moulded And quickened into man;
The sweetness of her spirit
Within his pulses ran;
The ardour of her being
Was in his veins like fire,
The unreluctant passion,
The unallayed desire.

'Twas she who brought rejoicing To Babylon and Ur.

To Carthage and to Sidon

Men came to worship her.

Her soft spring rites were honoured

At Argolis and Troy,

And dark Caldean women

Gave thanks to her for joy.

With cheer and exaltation
With hope for all things born,
To hearten the disheartened,
To solace the forlorn,
Too gentle and all-seeing
For judgment or disdain,
She comes with loving kindness—
Our Lady of the Rain.

With magical resurgence
For all the sons of men
She crosses winter's frontier,
They know not whence nor when.

Yet silently as sunlight
Along the forest floor
Her step is on the threshold,
Her shadow at the door.

On many a lonely clearing
Among the timbered hills
She calls across the distance,
Until the twilight fills
With voice of loosened waters,
And from the marshy ground
The frogs begin refilling
Their flutes with joyous sound.

Then note by note is lifted
The chorus clear and shrill,
And all who hear her summons
Must answer to her will;
For she will not abandon
The old Pandean strain

That called the world from chaos — Our Lady of the Rain.

And still her wondrous music
Comes up with early spring,
And meadowland and woodland
With silver wildness ring;
The sparrow by the roadside,
The wind among the reeds,
Whoever hears that piping
Must follow where it leads.

Though no man knows the reason,
Nor how the rumour spread,
Through canyon-streeted cities
Her message has been sped;
And some forgotten longing
To hear a bluebird sing
Bids folk from open windows
Look forth — and it is spring.

Come out into the sunshine,
You dwellers of the town,
Put by your anxious dolors,
And cast your sorrows down.
O, starved and pampered people,
How futile is your gain!
Behold, there comes to heal you
Our Lady of the Rain.

Go where the buds are breaking
Upon the cherry bough,
And the strong sap is mounting
In every tree-trunk now;
Where orchards are in blossom
On every spray and spire,
Go hear the orioles whistle
And pass like flecks of fire.

Go find the first arbutus Within the piney wood,

And learn from that shy dweller How sweet is solitude;
Go listen to the white-throat
In some remote ravine
Rehearse in tranquil patience
His ecstasy serene.

Go down along the beaches
And borders of the sea,
When golden morning kindles
That blue immensity;
An i watch the white sails settle
Below the curving rim
Of this frail vast of colour,
Diaphanous and dim.

Go watch by brimming river
Or reedy-marged lagoon
The wild geese row their galley
Across the rising moon,

That comes up like a bubble Out of the black fir-trees, And ask what mind invented Such miracles as these.

Who came when we were sleeping
And wrought this deathless lure,
This vivid vernal wonder
Improbable and sure?
Where Algol and Bootes
Mark their enormous range,
What seraph passed in power
To touch the world with change?

What love's unerring purpose Reveals itself anew In these mysterious transports Of tone and shape and hue? Doubt not the selfsame impulse Throbs in thy restless side,

Craves at the gates of being, And would not be denied.

Be thou the west wind's brother,
And kin to bird and tree,
The soul of spring may utter
Her oracles to thee;
Her breath shall give thee courage,
Her tan shall touch thy cheek,
The words of sainted lovers
Be given thee to speak.

Fear not the mighty instinct,
The great Aprilian Creed;
The House of Spring is open
And furnished for thy need.
But fear the little wisdom,
The paltry doubt and vain,
And trust without misgiving
Our Lady of the Rain.

What foot would fail to meet her,
And who would stay indoor,
When April in her glory
Comes triumphing once more—
When adder-tongue and tulip
Put on their coats of gold,
And all the world goes love-mad
For beauty as of old?

At every year's returning
The swallows will be here,
The stalls be gay with jonquils,
The dogwood reappear;
And up from the southwestward
Come back to us again
With sorceries of gladness—
Our Lady of the Rain.

- 11. a garden over Grand Pré, dewy in the morning sun,
- Here in earliest September with the summer nearly done,
- Musing on the lovely world and all its beauties, one by one!
- Bluets, marigolds, and asters, scarlet poppies, purple phlox, —
- Who knows where the key is hidden to those frail yet perfect locks
- In the tacit doors of being where the soul stands still and knocks?

- There is Blomidon's blue sea-wall, set to guard the turbid straits
- Where the racing tides have entry; but who keeps for us the gates
- In the mighty range of silence where man's spirit calls and waits?
- Where is Glooscaap? There's a legend of that saviour of the West,
- The benign one, whose all-wisdom loved beasts well, though men the best,
- Whom the tribes of Minas leaned on, and their villages had rest.
- Once the lodges were defenceless, all the warriors being gone
- On a hunting or adventure. Like a panther on a fawn,
- On the helpless stole a war-band, ambushed to attack at dawn.

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But with night came Glooscaap. Sleeping he surprised them; waved his bow;

Through the summer leaves descended a great frost, as white as snow;

Sealed their slumber to eternal peace and stillness long ago.

Then a miracle. Among them, while still death undid their thews,

Slept a captive with her children. Such the magic he could use,

She arose unharmed with morning, and departing, told the news.

He, too, when the mighty Beaver had the country for his pond,

All the way from the Pereau here to Bass River and beyond,

Stoned the rascal; drained the Basin; routed out that vagabond.

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You can see yourself Five Islands Glooscaap flung at him that day,

When from Blomidon to Sharp he tore the Beaver's dam away, —

Cleared the hannel, and the waters thundered out into the bay.

(Do we idle, little children? Ah, well, there is hope, maybe,

In mere beauty which enraptures just such ne'erdo-wells as we!

I must go and pick my apples. Malyn will be calling me!)

Here he left us — see the orchards, red and gold in every tree! —

All the land from Gaspereau to Portapique and Cheverie,

All the garden lands of Minas and a passage out to sea.

You can watch the white-sailed vessels through the meadows wind and creep.

All day long the pleasant sunshine, and at night the starry sleep,

While the labouring tides that rest not have their business with the deep!

So I get my myth and legend of a breaker-down of bars,

Putting gateways in the mountains with their thousand-year-old scars,

That the daring and the dauntless might steer outward by the stars.

So my demiurgic hero lays a frost on all our fears.

Dead the grisly superstition, dead the bigotry of years,

Dead the tales that frighten children, when the pure white light appears.

- Thus did Glooscaap of the mountains. What doth Balder of the flowers,
- Balder, the white lord of April, who comes back amid the showers
- And the sunshine to the Northland to revive this earth of ours?
- First, how came my garden, where untimely not a leaf may wilt?
- For a thousand years the currents trenched the rock and wheeled the silt,
- Dredged and filled and smoothed and levelled, toiling that it might be built.
- For the moon pulled and the sun pushed on the derrick of the tide;
- And a great wind heaved and blustered, swung the weight round with a stride,
- Mining tons of red detritus out of the old mountain side, —

- Bore them down and laid them even by the mouth of stream and rill
- For the quiet lowly doorstep, for cemented joist and sill
- Of our Grand Pré, where the cattle lead their shadows or lie still.
- So my garden floor was founded by the labouring frugal sea,
- Deep and virginal as Eden, for the flowers that were to be,
- All for m. great drowsy poppies and my marigolds and me.
- Who had guessed the unsubstantial end and outcome of such toil, —
- These, the children of a summer, whom a breath of frost would foil,
- I, almost as faint and fleeting as my brothers of the soil?

- Did those vague and drafty sea-tides, as they journeyed, feel the surge
- Of the prisoned life that filled them seven times full from verge to verge,
- Mounting to some far achievement where its ardour might emerge?
- Are they blinder of a purpose in their courses fixed and sure,
- Those sea arteries whose heavings throb through Nature's vestiture,
- Than my heart's frail valves and hinges which so perilously endure?
- Do I say to it, "Give over!" Can I will, and it will cease?
- Nay, it stops but with destruction; knows no respite nor release.
- I, who did not start its pulses, cannot bid them be at peace.

Thus the great deep, framed and fashioned to a thought beyond its own,

Rocked by tides that race or sleep without its will from zone to zone,

Setting door-stones for a people in a century unknown,

Sifted for me and my poppies the red earth we love so well.

Gently there, my fine log ...an, brooding in your lone grey cell!

Was it all for our contentment such a miracle befell?

No; because my drowsy poppies and my marigolds and I

Have this human need in common, nodding as the wind goes by;

There is that supreme within us no one life can satisfy.

- With their innocent grave faces lifted up to meet my own,
- They are but the stranger people, swarthy children of the sun,
- Gypsies tenting at our door to vanish ere the year is done.
- (How we idle, little okildren! Still our best of tasks may be,
- From distraction and from discord without baseness to get free.
- I must go and pick my apples. Malyn will be calling me!)
- Humbly, then, most humbly ever, little brothers of the grass,
- With Aloha at your doorways I salute you as you pass,
- I who wear the mortal vesture, as our custom ever was.

- Known for kindred by the habit, by the tanned and crimson stain,
- Earthlings in the garb ensanguined just so long as we remain,
- You for days and I for seasons mystics by the common strain,
- Till we tread the virgin threshold of a great moon red and low,
- Clean and joyous while we tarry, and uncraven when we go
- From the rooftree of the rain-wind and the broad eaves of the snow.
- And this thing called life, which frets us like a fever without name.
- Soul of man and seed of poppy no mortality can tame,
- Smouldering at the core of beauty till it breaks in perfect flame, —

- What it is I know not; only I know they and I are one,
- By the lure that bids us linger in the great House of the Sun,
- By the fervour that sustains us at the door we cannot shun.
- From a little wider prospect, I survey their bright domain;
- On a rounder dim horizon, I behold the ploughman rain;
- All I have and hold so lightly, they will perish to attain.
- Waking at the word of April with the South Wind at her heels,
- We await the revelation locked beneath the four great seals,
- Ice and snow and dark and silence, where the Northern search-light wheels.

- Waiting till our Brother Balder walks the lovely earth once more,
- With the robin in the fir-top, with the rain-wind at the door,
- With the old unwearied gladness to revive us and restore,
- We abide the raptured moment, with the patience of a stone,
- Like ephemera our kindred, transmigrant from zone to zone,
- To that last fine state of being where they live on joy alone.
- O great Glooscaap and kind Balder, born of human heart's desire,
- When earth's need took shape and substance, and the impulse to aspire
- Passed among the new-made peoples, touching the red clay with fire,

- By the myth and might of beauty, lead us and allure us still,
- Past the open door of wonder and oblivion's granite sill,
- Past the curtain of the sunset in the portals of the hill,
- To new provinces of wisdom, sailless latitudes of soul.
- I for one must keep the splendid faith in good your lives extol,
- Well assured the love you lived by is my being's source and goal.
- Fearless when the will bids "Venture," or the sleepless mind bids "Know,"
- Here among my lowly neighbours blameless let me come and go,
- Till I, too, receive the summons to the silent Tents of Snow.

- In a garden over Grand Pré, bathed in the serenity
- Of the early autumn sunlight, came these quiet thoughts to me,
- While the wind went down the orchard to the dikes and out to sea.
- (Idling yet? My flowery children, only far too well I see
- How this day will glow forever in my life that is to be!
- I must go and pick my apples. There is Malyn calling me!)

THE KEEPER'S SILENCE.

My hillside garden half-way up
The mountains from the purple sea,
Beholds the pomp of days go by
In summer's gorgeous pageantry.

I watch the shadows of the clouds Stream over Grand Pré in the sun, And the white fog seethe up and spill Over the rim of Blomidon.

For past the mountains to the North, Like a great caldron of the tides, Is Fundy, boiling round their base, And ever fuming up their sides.

THE KEEPER'S SILENCE

Yet here within my valley world No breath of all that tumult stirs; The little orchards sleep in peace; Forever dream the dark blue firs.

And while far up the gorges sweep The silver legions of the showers, I have communion with the grass And conversation with the flowers.

More wonderful than human speech Their dialect of silence is, The simple Dorian of the fields, So full of homely subtleties.

When the dark pansies nod to say Good morning to the marigolds, Their velvet taciturnity
Reveals as much as it withholds.

THE KEEPER'S SILENCE

I always half expect to hear Some hint of what they mean to do; But never is their fine reserve Betrayed beyond a smile or two.

Yet very well at times I seem
To understand their reticence,
And so, long since, I came to love
My little brothers by the fence.

Perhaps some August afternoon,
When earth is only half-aware,
They will unlock their heart for once,
How sad if I should not be there!

My modest Northern garden
Is full of yellow flowers,
And quaking leaves and sunlight
And long noon hours.

It hangs upon the hillside Above the little town; And there in pleasant weather You can look far down,

To the broad dikes of Grand Pré Roamed over by the herds, And the purple Minas water Where fish the white sea-birds.

I watch the little vessels, Where the slow rivers glide Between the grassy orchards, Come in upon the tide.

For daily there accomplished Is the sea's legerdemain, To fill the land with rivers And empty it again.

Before you lies North Mountain, Built like a long sea-wall— A wonder in blue summer And in the crimson fall.

The sea-fogs cloud and mantle Along its fir-dark crest, While under it the fruit-lands Have shelter and have rest.

And when the goblin moonlight Loiters upon her round Of valley, marsh and mountain To bless my garden-ground,—

(The harvest moon that lingers Until her task is done, And all the grain is ripened For her great lord, the sun,)

I know that there due northward, Under the polar star, Sir Blomidon is fronting Whatever storms there are.

I cannot see those features
I love so well by day,
Calmed by a thousand summers,
Scarred by the winter's play;

Yet there above the battle Of the relentless tides, Under the solemn starlight He muses and abides.

And in the magic stillness, The moonlight's ghostly gleam Makes me its sylvan brother, To rove the world a-dream.

That wayward and oblivious Mortal I seem to be Shall habit not forever This garden by the sea.

Not Blomidon nor Grand Pré Shall be his lasting home, Nor all the Ardise country Give room enough to roam.

Even to-night a little

He strays, and will not bide

The gossip of the flowers,

The rumour of the tide.

He must be forth and seeking, Beyond this garden-ground, The arm-in-arm companion For whom the sun goes round.

And in the soft May weather I walk with you again,
Where the terraces of Meudon Look down upon the Seine.

KILLOOLEET.

There's a wonderful woodland singer In the North, called Killooleet,— That is to say Little Sweetvoice In the tongue of the Milicete,

The tribe of the upper Wolaastook, Who range that waterway From the blue fir hills of its sources To the fogs and tides of the bay.

All day long in the sunshine, All night long through the rains, On the grey wet cedar barrens And the lonely blueberry plains,

KILLOOLEET

You may hear Killooleet singing,
Hear his O sweet
(Then a grace-note, then the full cadence),
Killooleet, Killooleet, Killooleet!

Whenever you dip a paddle, Or set a pole in the stream, Killooleet marks the ripple, Killooleet knows the gleam;

Killooleet gives you welcome, Killooleet makes you free With the great sweet wilderness freedom That holds over land and sea.

You may slide your birch through the alders, Or camp where the rapids brawl, The first glad forest greeting Will still be Killooleet's call.

KILLOOLEET

Wherever you drive a tent-pin,
Or kindle a fire at night,
Killooleet comes to the ridge-pole,
Killooleet answers the light.

The dark may silence the warblers;
The heavy and thunderous hush
That comes before storm may stifle
The pure cool notes of the thrush;

The waning season may sober Bobolink, bluebird, and quail; But Killooleet's stainless transport Will not diminish nor fail.

Henceforth you shall love and fear not, Remembering Killooleet's song Haunting the wild waste places, Deliberate, tranquil, and strong;

KILLOOLEET

And so you shall come without cunning, But wise in the simpler lore, To the House of the Little Brothers, And God will open the door.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S ON THE HILL.

"Bartholomew with his cold dew."

Bartholomew, my brother, I like your roomy church; I like your way of leaving No sinners in the lurch.

I wish the world were wealthy In ministers like you, When at the lovely August You give the blessed dew.

I love your rambling Abbey, So long ago begun, Whose choirs are in the tree-tops, Whose censer is the sun.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S ON THE HILL

Its windows are the morning;
Its rafters are the stars;
The fog-banks float like incense
Up from its purple floors.

And where the ruddy apples
Make lamps in the green gloom,
The flowers in congregation
Are never pressed for room;

But in your hillside chapel, Gay with its gorgeous paints, They bow before the Presence,— Sweet merry little saints!

In French Canadian legendry,
A rising from the dead recurs
Each Christmastide. The old curé,
With his parishioners

Around him, in the night returns;
And while his voice renews its bond
In the beloved offices,
The ghostly flock respond.

Just so, we keep the forms of faith
That wrought and moved us long ago;
We mark the height man's soul attained,
Forgetting it must grow.

Those venerable outgrown shells
Wherefrom the radiant life is fled,—
We wrong with our idolatry
The dogmas of the dead.

But He who walked with the world-soul At twilight in Gethsemane, Breathing among the listening boughs Sweet prayers of charity,

Must daily with the wind return About the dim world, to renew The trembling litanies of the leaves, The blessings of the dew.

He must revive with wind-sweet voice The gospel hardly known to flesh, Till the same spirit speaks again, Interpreting afresh;

Till the vast house of trees and air Reverberates from roof to floor With meanings of mysterious things We need to ask no more.

For still He walks these shadowy aisles, Dreaming of beauties still to be, More manly than our manliest, Whose thought and love were free.

The pines are all His organ pipes, And the great rivers are His choir; And creatures of the field and tide That reck not, yet aspire,

Our brothers of the tardy hope,
Put forth their strength in senses dim,
Threading the vast, they know not why,
Through eons up to Him.

I see Him in the orchard glooms, Watching the russet apples tan, With the serene regard of one Who is more God than man.

And where the silent valley leads

The small white water through the hills,
And the black spruces stand unmoved,
And quiet sunlight fills

The world and time with large slow peace, It is His patience waiting there Response from lives whose breath is but The echo of His prayer.

Brother of Nazareth, behold, We, too, perceive this life expand Beyond the daily need, for use Thy thought must understand.

Not for ourselves alone we strive, Since Thy perfection manifest Bids self resign what self desired, Postponing good for best.

And in the far unfretted years,
The generations we uphold
Shall reach the measure of Thy heart,
The stature of Thy mould.

THE DEEP HOLLOW ROAD.

Cool in the summer mountain's heart, It lies in dim mysterious shade, Left of the highway turning in With grassy rut and easy grade.

The marshes and the sea behind,
The solemn fir-blue hills before;
Here is the inn for Heavy-heart
And this is weary Free-foot's door.

O fellows, I have known it long; For joy of life turn in with me; We bivouac with peace to-night, And good-bye to the brawling sea.

THE DEEP HOLLOW ROAD

You hear? That's master thrush. He knows
The voluntaries fit for June,
And when to falter on the flute
In the satiety of noon.

A mile or two we follow in

This rosy streak through forest gloom,
Then for the ample orchard slopes
And all the earth one snowy bloom!

MALYN'S DAISY.

You know it. Rays of ashy blue Around a centre small and golden, An autumn face of cheery hue And fashion olden.

When the year rests at Michaelmas Before the leaves must vanish faster, The country people see it pass And call it aster.

It does not come with joy and June; It knows God's time is sometimes tardy; And waits until we need the boon Of spirit hardy.

MALYN'S DAISY

So unobtrusive, yet so fair,
About a world it makes so human,
Its touch of grace is everywhere—
Just like a woman.

Along the road and up the dike
It wanders when the noons are hazy,
To tell us what content is like;
That's Malyn's daisy.

TO H. E. C.

There are sunflowers too in my garden on top of the hill,

Where now in early September the sun has his will, —

The slow autumn sun that goes leisurely, taking his fill

Of life in the orchards and fir woods so moveless and still;

As if, should they stir, they might break some illusion and spill

The store of their long summer musing on top of the hill.

- The crowds of black spruces in tiers from the valley below,
- Ranged round their sky-roofed coliseum, mount row after row.
- How often there, rank above rank, they have watched for the slow
- Silver-lanterned processions of twilight, the moon's come and go!
- How often as if they expected some bugle to blow,
- Announcing a bringer of news they were breathless to know,
- They have hushed every leaf, to hear only the murmurous flow
- Of the small mountain river sent up from the valley below!
- How still through the sweet summer sun, through the soft summer rain,

- They have stood there awaiting the summons should bid them attain
- The freedom of knowledge, the last touch of truth to explain
- The great golden gist of their brooding, the marvellous train
- Of thought they have followed so far, been so strong to sustain,—
- The bright gospel of sun and the pure revelations of rain!
- Then the orchards that dot, all in order, the green valley floor,
- Every tree with its boughs weighed to earth, like a tent from whose door
- Not a lodger looks forth, yet the signs are there gay and galore,
- The great ropes of red fruitage and russet, crisp snow to the core.

- Can the dark-eyed Romany here have deserted of yore
- Their camp at the coming of frost? Will they seek it no more?
- Who dwells in St. Eulalie's village? Who knows the fine lore
- Of the tribes of the apple-trees there on the green valley floor?
- Who, indeed? From the blue mountain gorge to the dikes by the sea,
- Goes that stilly wanderer, small Gaspereau; who but he
- Should give the last hint of perfection, the touch that sets free
- From the taut string of silence the whisper of beauties to be!
- The very sun seems to have tarried, turned back a degree,

- To lengthen out noon for the apple-folk here by the sea.
- What is it? Who comes? What's abroad on the blue mountainside?
- A hush has been laid on the leaves and will not be defied.
- Is the great Scarlet Hunter at last setting out on his ride
- From the North with deliverance now? Were the lights we descried
- Last night in the heavens his camp-fires seen far and wide,
- The white signal of peace for whose coming the ages have cried?
- "Expectancy lingers; fulfilment postponed," I replied,
- When soul said uneasily, "Who is it haunts your hillside?"

- All the while not a word from my sunflowers here on the hill.
- And to-night when the stars over Blomidon flower and fill
- The blue Northern garden of heaven, so pale and so still,
- From the lordly king-aster Aldebaran there by the sill
- Of the East, where the moonlight will enter, not one will fulfil
- A lordlier lot than my sunflowers here on the hill.
- So much for mere fact, mere impression. So much I portray
- Of the atmosphere, colour, illusion of one autumn day,
- In the little Acadian village above the Grand Pré;

- Just the quiet of orchards and firs, where the sun had full sway,
- And the river went trolling his soft wander-song to the bay,
- While roseberry, aster, and sagaban tangled his way.
- Be you their interpreter, reasoner; tell what they say,
- These children of silence whose patient regard I portray.
- You Londoner, walking in Bishopsgate, strolling the Strand,
- Some morning in autumn afford, at a fruitdealer's stand,
- The leisure to look at his apples there ruddy and tanned.
- Then ask, when he's smiling to serve you, if choice can command

A Gravenstein grown oversea on Canadian land. (And just for the whim's sake, for once, you'll have no other brand!)

How teach you to tell them? Pick one, and with that in your hand,

Bethink you awhile as you turn again into the Strand.

"What if," you will say, — so smooth in your hand it will lie,

So round and so firm, of so rich a red to the eye, Like a dash of Fortuny, a tinge of some Indian dye,

While you turn it and toss, mark the bloom, ere you taste it and try, —

"Now what if this grew where the same bright pavilion of sky

Is stretched o'er the valley and hillside he bids me descry,

- The windless valley of peace, where the seasons go by,
- And the river goes down through the orchards where long shadows lie!"
- There's the fruit in your hand, in your ears is the roar of the street,
- The pulse of an empire keeping its volume and beat,
- Its sure come and go day and night, while we sleep or we eat.
- Taste the apple, bite in to the juice; how abundant and sweet!
- As sound as your own English heart, and wholesome as wheat.
- There grow no such apples as that in your Bishopsgate street.
- Or perhaps in St. Helen's Place, when your business is done

- And the ledgers put by, you will think of the hundred and one
- Commissions and errands to do; but what under the sun
- Was that, so important? Ah, yes! the new books overrun
- The old shelves. It is high time to order a new set begun.
- Then off to the joiner's. You enter to see his plane run
- With a long high shriek through the lumber he's working upon.
- Then he turns from his shavings to query what you would have done.
- But homeward 'tis you who make question. That song of the blade!
- And the sharp sweet cry of the wood, what an answer it made!

- What stories the joiner must hear, as he plies his clean trade,
- Of all the wild life of the forest where long shadows wade
- The untrodden moss, and the firs send a journeying shade
- So slow through the valley so far from the song of his blade.
- Come back to my orchards a moment. They're waiting for you.
- How still are the little grey leaves where the pippins peep through!
- The boughs where the ribstons hang red are half-breaking in two.
- Above them September in magical soft Northern blue
- Has woven the spell of her silence, like frost or like dew,

- Yet warm as a poppy's red dream. When All Saints shall renew
- The beauty of summer awhile, will their dreaming come true?
- Ah, not of my Grand Pré they dream, nor your London and you!
- Their life is their own, and the surge of it. All through the spring
- They pushed forth their buds, and the rainbirds at twilight would sing.
- They put forth their bloom, and the world was as fairy a thing
- As a Japanese garden. Then midsummer came with a zing
- And the clack of the locust; then fruit-time and coolness, to bring
- This aftermath deep underfoot with its velvety spring.

- And they all the while with the fatherly, motherly care,
- Taking sap from the strength of the ground, taking sun from the air,
- Taking chance of the frost and the worm, taking courage to dare,
- Have given their life that the life might be goodly and fair
- In their kind for the seasons to come, with good witness to bear
- How the sturdy old race of the apples could give and not spare.
- To-morrow the harvest begins. We shall rifle them there
- Of the beautiful fruit of their bodies, the crown of their care.
- How lovingly then shall the picker set hand to the bough!—

- Bid it yield, ere the seed come to earth or the graft to the plough,
- Not only sweet life for its kind, as the instincts allow,
- That savour and shape may survive generations from now,
- But life to its kin who can say, "I am stronger than thou,"—
- Fulfilling a lordlier law than the law of the bough.
- I heard before dawn, with planets beginning to quail, —
- "Whose hath life, let him give, that my purpose prevail;
- Whoso hath none, let him take, that his strength may be hale.
- Behold, I have reckoned the tally, I keep the full tale.

- Whose hath love, let him give, lest his spirit grow stale;
- Whoso hath none, let him die; he shall wither and fail.
- Behold I will plenish the loss at the turn of the scale.
- He hath law to himself, who hath love; ye shall hope and not quail."
- Then the sun arose, and my sunflowers here on the hill,
- In free ceremonial turned to the East to fulfil
- Their daily observance, receiving his peace and his will, —
- The lord of their light who alone bids the darkness be nil,
- The lord of their love who alone bids the life in them thrill;
- Undismayed and serene, they awaited him here on the hill.

- Ah, the patience of earth! Look down at the dark pointed firs;
- They are carved out of blackness; one pattern recurs and recurs.
- They crowd all the gullies and hillsides, the gashes and spurs,
- As silent as death. What an image! How nature avers
- The goodness of calm with that taciturn beauty of hers!
- As silent as sleep. Yet the life in them climbs and upstirs.
- They too have received the great law, know that haste but defers
- The perfection of time, the initiate gospeller firs.
- So year after year, slow ring upon ring, they have grown,

- Putting infinite long-loving care into leafage and cone,
- By the old ancient craft of the earth they have pondered and known
- In the dead of the hot summer noons, as still as a stone.
- Not for them the gay fruit of the thorn, nor the high scarlet roan,
- Nor the plots of the deep orchard-land where the apples are grown.
- In winter the wind, all huddled and shuddering,
- To warm his old bones by the fires of sunset
- Behind the black house of the firs. When the moose-birds grew tame
- In the lumberer's camps in the woods, what marvellous fame

- His talk and the ice of his touch would spread and proclaim,
- Of the berg and the floe of the lands without nation or name,
- Where the earth and the sky, night and noon, north and south are the same,
- The white and awful Nirvana of cold whence he came!
- Then April, some twilight picked out with a great yellow star,
- Returning, like Hylas long lost and come back with his jar
- Of sweet living water at last, having wandered so far,
- Leads the heart out-of-doors, and the eye to the point of a spar,
- At whose base in the half-melted snow the first Mayslowers are, —

- And there the first robin is pealing below the great star.
- So soon, oversoon, the full summer. Within those dark boughs,
- Deliberate and far, a faltering reed-note will
- The shy transports of earth, till the wood-creatures hear where they house,
- And grow bold as the tremble-eared rabbits that nibble and mouse.
- While up through the pasture-lot, startling the sheep as they browse,
- Where kingbirds and warblers are piercing the heat's golden drowse,
- Some girl, whom the sun has made tawny, the wind had to blowse,
- Will come there to gentle her lover beneath those dark boughs.

- Then out of the hush, when the grasses are frosty and old,
- Will the chickadee's tiny alarm against winter be rolled;
- And soon, when the ledges and ponds are bitten with cold,
- The honk of the geese, that wander-cry stirring and bold,
- Will sound through the night, where those hardy mariners hold
- The uncharted course through the dark, as it is from of old.
- Ah, the life of the woods, how they share and partake of it all,
- These evergreens, silent as Indians, solemn and tall!
- From the goldenwing's first far-heard awakening call,

- The serene flute of the thrush in his high beech hall,
- And the pipe of the frog, to the bannered approach of the fall,
- And the sullen wind, when snow arrives on a squall,
- Trooping in all night from the North with news would appai
- Any outposts but these; with a zest they partake of it all.
- Lo, out of the hush they seem to mount and aspire!
- From basement to tip they have builded, with heed to go higher,
- One circlet of branches a year with their lift of green spire.
- Nay, rather they seem to repose, having done with desire,

- Awaiting the frost, with the fruit scarlet-bright on the briar,
- Each purpose fulfilled, each ardour that bade them aspire.
- Then hate be afar from the bite of the axe that shall fell
- These keepers of solitude, makers of quiet, who dwell
- On the slopes of the North. And clean be the hand that shall quell
- The tread of the sap that was wont to go mounting so well,
- Round on round with the sun in a spiral, slow cell after cell,
- As a bell-ringer climbs in a turret. That resinous smell
- From the eighth angel's hand might have risen with the incense to swell

- His offering in heaven, when the half-hour's silence befell.
- Behold, as the prayers of the saints that went up to God's knees
- In John's Revelation, the silence and patience of these
- Our brothers of orchard and hill, the unhurrying trees,
- To better the burden of earth till the dark suns freeze,
- Shall go out to the stars with the sound of Acadian seas,
- And the scent of the wood-flowers blowing about their great knees.
- To-night when Altair and Alshain are ruling the West,
- Whence Boötes is driving his dogs to long hunting addressed;

- With Alioth plumb over Blomidon standing at rest;
- When Algel is leading the Pleiades over the crest
- Of the magical East, and the South puts Alpherat to test
- With Menkar just risen; will come, like a sigh from Earth's breast,
- The first sob of the tide turning home, one distraught in his quest
- Forever, and calling forever the wind in the west.
- And to-night there will answer the ghost of a sigh on the hill,
- So small you would say, Is it wind, or the frost with a will
- Walking down through the woods, who tomorrow shall show us his skill

- In yellows and reds? So noiseless, it hardly will thrill
- The timorous aspens, which tremble when all else is still;
- Yet the orchards will know, and the firs aware on the hill.
- "O Night, I am old, I endure. Since my being began,
- When out of the dark the aurora spread up like a fan,
- I have founded the lands and the islands; the hills are my plan.
- I have covered the pits of the earth with my bridge of one span.
- From the Horn to Dunedin unbroken my long rollers ran,
- From Pentland and Fastnet and Foyle to Bras d'Or and Manan,

- To dredge and upbuild for the creatures of tribe and of clan.
- Lo, now who shall end the contriving my fingers began?"
- Then the little wind that blows from the great star-drift
- Will answer, "Thou tide in the least of the planets I lift,
- Considers the journeys of light. Are thy journeyings swift?
- Thy sands are as smoke to the star-banks I huddle and shift.
- Peace! I have seeds of the grasses to scatter and sift.
- I have freighting to do for the weed and the frail thistle drift.
- "O ye apples and firs, great and small are as one in the end.

- Because ye had life to the full, and spared not to spend;
- Because ye had love of your kind, to cherish and fend;
- Held hard the good instinct to thrive, cleaving close to life's trend;
- Nor questioned where impulse had origin, purpose might tend;
- Now, beauty is yours, and the freedom whose promptings transcend
- Attainment forever, through death with new being to blend.
- O ye orchards and woods, death is naught, love is all in the end."
- Ah, friend of mine over the sea, shall we not discern,
- In the life of our brother the beech and our sister the ferm,

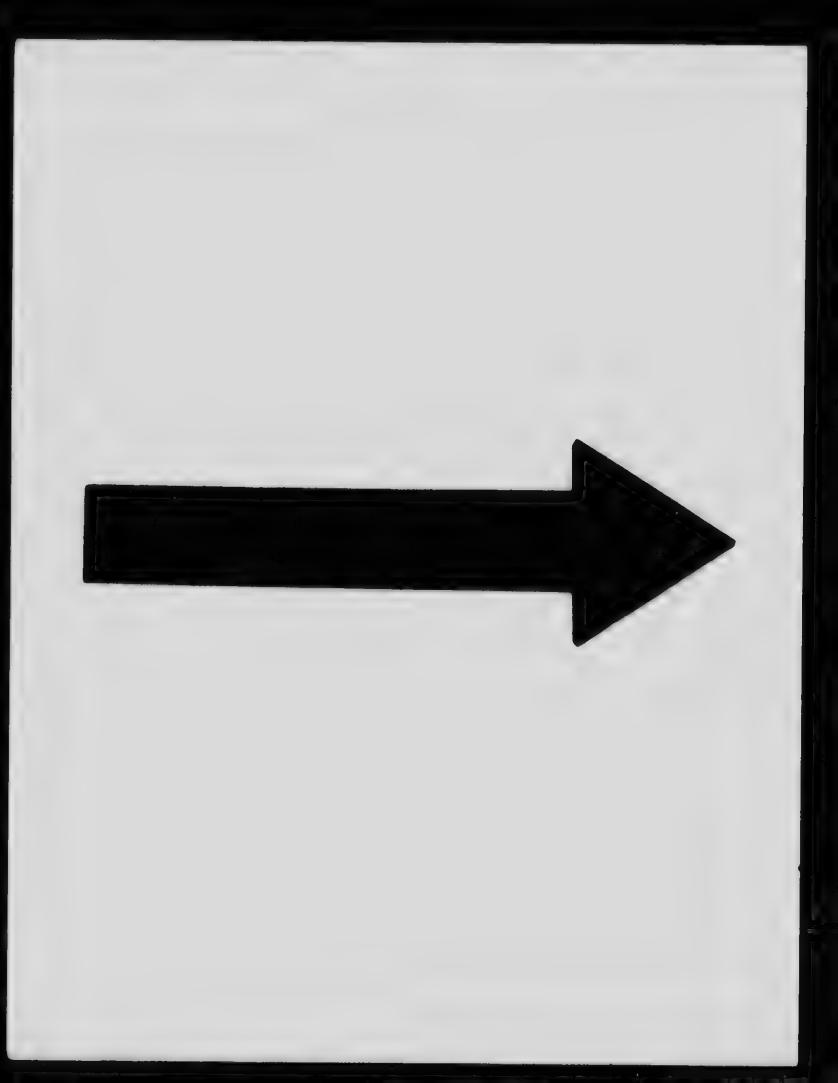
- As St. Francis would call them (his Minorites, too, would we learn!),
- In death but a door to new being no creature may spurn,
- But must enter for beauty's completion, pass up in his turn
- To the last round of joy, yours and mine, whence to think and discern?
- Who shall say "the last round?" Have I passed by the exit of soul?
- From behind the tall door that swings outward, replies no patrol
- To our restless Qui vive? when is paid each implacable toll.
- Not a fin of the tribes shall return, having cleared the great shoal:
- Not a wing of the migrants come back from below the dark knoll;

- Yet the zest of the flight and the swimming who fails to extol?
- Saith the Riddle, "The parts are all plain; ye may guess at the whole."
- I guess, "Immortality, knowledge, survival of Soul."
- To-night, with the orchards below and the firs on the hill
- Asleep in the long solemn moonlight and taking no ill,
- A hand will open the sluice of the great seamill, --
- Start the gear and the belts of the tide. Then a murmur will fill
- The hollows of midnight with sound, when all else is still,
- A promise to hearten my sunflowers here on the hill.

You may doubt, but I heard the story
Just as I tell it to you;
And whatever you think of the setting,
I believe the substance true.

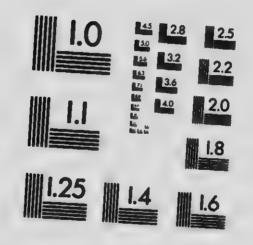
The great North Seaboard Province, From Fundy to Chaleurs, Is a country of many waters And sombre hills of fir,

Where the moose still treads his snow-yard, Breaking his paths to browse,
Where the caribou rove the barrens,
And the bear and the beaver house;



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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Where Killooleet sings from the ridge-pole All through the night and the rain, When the great blue Northern Summer Comes back to the wilds again.

In that land of many rivers,
Bogan and lake and stream,
You may follow the trail in the water
With the paddle's bend and gleam,

Where the canoe, like a shadow Among the shadows, slips Under the quiet alders And over the babbling rips;

You may go for a week together, Reading footmark and trace Of the wild shy woodland creatures, Ere you meet a human face.

There where the Loyalists came
And the houses of men were few,
Little was all their wealth
And great were the hardships they knew;

But greater the hardy faith
They kept unflinching and fine,
And chose to be naught in the world
For the pride of a loyal line.

And there came Father Hudson, As I've heard my father tell, To serve the wilderness missions, With sound of a Sunday bell.

Sober he was and a toiler, Cared not for ease nor place; They speak of his humour, too, And the long droll shaven face.

Labour he did, and spared not, In that vineyard wild and rough, And often was sore with travel, And often hungry enough,

Doubt not, as he carried the word By portage and stream and trail, That still in the mind of his people The fire of truth should prevail.

And once was a church to build, Little, lonely, apart, Hardly more than a token In the forest's great green heart.

With his own hands he reared it, And often was wet to the hide, And often slept on the shavings Till the birds sang outside;

Then up in the fragrant morning, And back to hammer and saw, Building into the timbers Love and devotion and awe.

So the fair summer went by,
And the church was finished at last;
But Father Hudson was called
To a country still more vast.

In the land of the creaking snowshoe And the single track in the snow, There's many a thing of wonder No man will ever know.

It happened about the feest Of the blessed Nativity, When the snow lay heavy and silent On every bending tree,

When the great north lights were stalking Through the purple solitude,
Father Hudson's successor
Passed by the church in the wood.

And it came to his mind to ponder What the requital may be Of toil that is done in the body, When the soul is at last set free;

And whether the flame of fervour That is quenched in service here, Survives through self-surrender To illumine another sphere.

Then he saw the place all lighted,
Though it was not the hour of prayer,
And the strains of a triumphing organ
Came to him on the air.

In amazement he turned aside.
Who could the player be?
And who had lighted the lights?
The door still fast, the key

On its nail in the little porch!

He turned, put one foot on the sill,
Unlocked, opened, and entered.

The church was dark and still!

The white-robed spruces around it Stood still with never a word; The sifting snow at the window Was all the good man heard.

Verily, Father Hudson,
Strong was thy sturdy creed,
But stronger and more enduring
The humble and holy deed,

Which so could enthral the senses
And lend the spirit sight
To behold the glory of labour
And love's availing might.

O brave are the single-hearted Who deal with this life, and dare To live by the inward vision,— In the soul's native air.

Once at St. Kavin's door
I rested. No sign more
Of discontent escaped me from that day.
For there I overheard
A Brother of the Word
Expound the grace of poverty, and say:

Thank God for poverty
That makes and keeps us free,
That lets us go our unobtrusive way,
Glad of the sun and rain,
Upright, serene, humane,
Contented with the fortune of a day.

Light-hearted as a bird,

I will obey the word

That bade the earth take form, the sea subside, —

That bids the wild wings go

Each year from line to snow,

When Spring unfurls her old green flag for guide, —

That bids the fleeting hosts
Along the sl. lving coasts
Once more adventure far by sound and stream, —
Bids everything alive
Awaken and revive, —
Resume the unperished glory and the dream.

I too, with fear put by,
Confront my destiny,
With not a wish but to arise and go,
Where beauty still may lead
From creed to larger creed,
Thanking my Maker that he made me so.

For I would shun no task

That kindliness may ask,

Nor flinch at any duty to my kind;

Praying but to be freed

From ignorance and greed,

Grey fear and dull despondency of mind.

So I would readjust
The logic of the dust,
The servile hope that puts its trust in things.
Ephemera of earth,
Of more than fleeting worth,
Are we, endowed with repture as with wings.

(Type of the soul of man,
The slight yet stable plan!
Those creatures perishable as the dew,
How buoyantly they ride
The vast and perilous tide,
Free as the air their courses to pursue!)

And I would keep my soul
Joyous and sane and whole,
Unshamed by falsehood and unvexed by strife,
Unalien in that clear
And radiant atmosphere
That still surrounds us with a larger life,

When we have laid aride
Our truculence and pride,
Craven self-seeking, turbulent self-will,
Resolved this very day
No longer to obey
The tyrant Mammon who begods us still.

All selfish gain at best

Brir gs but profound unrest

And inward loss, despite our loud professions.

Think therefore what it is,

What surety of bliss,

To be absolved from burdensome possessions!

Shall God, who doth provide

The majesty and pride

And beauty of this earth so lavishly,

Deny them to the poor

And lowly and obscure?

Nay, they are given to all justly and free.

And if I share my cru:
As common manhood must,
With one whose need is greater than my own,
Shall I not also give
His soul, that it may live,
Of the abundant pleasures I have known?

And so, if I have wrought,
Amassed or conceived aught
Of beauty or intelligence or power,
It is not mine to hoard;
It stands there to afford
Its generous service simply as a flower.

How soon, my friends, how soon
We should obtain the boon
Of shining peace for which the toiler delves,
If only we would give
Our spirit room to live,—
Be, here and now, our brave untarnished selves;

If only we would dare
Espouse the good and fair
Our soul, unbound by custom, still perceives;
And without compromise
Or favour in men's eyes
Live by the truth each one of us believes!

Bow not to vested wrong
That we have served too long,
Pawning our birthright for a tinsel star!
Shall the soul take upon her
Time-service and mouth-honour?
Behold the fir-trees, how unswerved they are!

Native to sun and storm,
They cringe not nor conform,
Save to the gentle law their sound heart knows;
Each day enough for them
To rise, cone, branch, and stem,
A leaf-breadth higher in their tall repose.

Ah, what a travesty
Of man's ascent, were I
To bear myself less royally than they,
After the ages spent
In spirit's betterment,
Through rounds of aspiration and decay!

For surely I have grown
Within a cleft of stone,
With spray of mountain torrents in my face.
Slow soaring ring by ring
On moveless tiled wing,
I have seen earth below me sink through space.

I too in polar night

Have hungered, gaunt and white,

Alone amid the awful silences;

And fled on gaudy fin,

When the blue tides came in,

Through coral gardens under tropic seas.

And wheresoe'er I strove,
The greater law was love,
A faith too fine to falter or mistrust;
There was no wanton greed,
Depravity of breed,
Malice nor cant nor enmity unjust.

Nay, not till I was man,
Learned I to scheme and plan
The blackest depredation on my kind,
Converting to my gain
My fellow's need and pain,
In chartered pillage ruthless and refined.

Therefore, my friends, I say,
Back to the fair sweet way
Our mother Nature taught us long ago,
The large primeval mood,
Leisure and amplitude,
The dignity of patience strong and slow.

Let us go in once more,

By some blue mountain door,

And hold communion with the forest leaves,

Where long ago we trod

The Ghost House of the God,

Through orange dawns and amethystine eves.

There bright-robed choristers

Make music in the firs,

Rejoicing in their service all day long;

And there the whole night through,

Along the dark still blue,

What glorying hosts with starry tapers throng!

There in some deep ravine

Whose walls are living green,
A sanctuary spacious, cool, and dim,
At earth-refreshing morn,
The pure white clouds are born,—
The incense of the ground sent up to Him.

No slighted task is there,
But equal craft and care
And love in irresistible accord,
The test and sign of art,
Bestowed through every part;
No thought of recognition or reward.

In that diviner air

We shall grow wise and fair,

Not frayed by hurry nor distraught by noise, —

Learn once again to be

Noble, courageous, free, —

Regain our primal ecstasy and poise.

Calm in the deep control
Of firmamental soul,
Let us abide unfretful and secure,
Knowledge and reason bent
To further soul's intent,—
Her veiled dim purposes remote yet sure.

For soul has led us now,
Science unravels how,
Through cell and tissue up from dust to man;
And will lead by and by,
No logic tells us why,
To fill her purport in the ampler plan.

Ah, trust the soul, my friends,
To seek her own great ends
Revealed not in the fashion of the hour!
For she outlives intact
The insufficient act,
Herself the source and channel of all power.

The soul survives, unmarred,
The mind care-worn and scarred,
That still is anxious over little things,
To come unto her own,
Through benefits unknown
And the green beauty of a thousand springs.

From infinite resource

She holds her gleaming course

Through toil, distraction, hindrance, and dismay,

Till some high destiny,

Accomplished by and by,

Reveals the splendid hope that was her stay.

Therefore should every hour
Replenish her with power
Of joy and love and freedom and fresh truth,
That v.e even in age
May share her heritage
Of ancient wisdom with the heart of youth.

Lore of the worldly wise
Is folly in her eyes.
All-energy, all-knowledge, and all-love,
Aware of deeps below
This pageant that we know,
Hers is the very faith accounted of

By Him who rose and bade

His friends be not afraid,

When peril rocked their fishing-boat at sea,—

Who bade the sick not fear,

The sad be of good cheer,

And in the hour they were made whole and free.

The sceptic sees but part

Of Nature's mighty heart.

A wide berth would I give that dangerous shoal—

Steer for the open sea,

No sight of land, but free.

Trusting my senses, shall I doubt my soul?

Let me each day anew
My outward voyage pursue
For the Far Islands and the Apple Lands.
Till through the breaking gloom
Some evening they shall loom,
With one pale star above the lilac sands.

Ah, that day I shall know
How the shy wood-flowers grow
In the deep forest, turning to the light;
Untrammelled impulse still
With glad obedient will
The only guide out of ancestral night.

Oh, I shall comprehend
Truth at my journey's end, —
What being is, and what I strive to be, —
What soul in beauty's guise
Eludes our wistful eyes,
Yet surely is akin to you and me.

Therefore, towards that supreme
Knowledge, that unveiled dream,
That promise of our life from day to day,
The grace of joyousness
Abide with us to bless
And help us forth along the Perfect Way!

The voice of the good priest
In benediction ceased;
The congregation like a murmur rose;
And when I set my pack
Once more upon my back,
'Twas light as any thistle-down that blows.

To the assembled folk
At great St. Kavin's spoke
Young Brother Amiel on Christmas eve;
I give you joy, my friends,
That as the round year ends,
We meet once more for gladness by God's leave.

On other festal days

For penitence or praise

Or prayer we meet, or fulness of thanksgiving;

To-night we calendar

The rising of that star

Which lit the old world with new joy of living.

Ah, we disparage still
The Tidings of Good Will,
Discrediting Love's gospel now as then!
And with the verbal creed
That God is love indeed,
Who dares make Love his god before all men?

Shall we not, therefore, friends,
Resolve to make amends
To that glad inspiration of the heart;
To grudge not, to cast out
Selfishness, malice, doubt,
Anger and fear; and for the better part,

To love so much, so well,
The spirit cannot tell
The range and sweep of her own boundary!
There is no period
Between the soul and God;
Love is the tide, God the eternal sea.

Of old, men walked by fear;
And if their God seemed near,
It was the Avenger unto whom they bowed, —
A wraith of their own woes,
Vain, cruel, and morose,
With anger and vindictiveness endowed.

Of old, men walked by hate;
The ruthless were the great;
Their crumbling kingdoms stayed by might alone.
Men saw vast empires die,
Nor guessed the reason why,—
The simple law of life as yet unknown

As love. Then came our Lord,
Proclaiming the accord
Of soul and nature in love's rule and sway,
The lantern that he set
To light us, shining yet
Along the Perfect Path wherein we stray.

To-day we walk by love;
To strive is not enough,
Save against greed and ignorance and might.
We apprehend peace comes
Not with the roll of drums,
But in the still processions of the night.

And we perceive, not awe
But love is the great law
That binds the world together safe and whole.
The splendid planets run
Their courses in the sun;
Love is the gravitation of the soul.

In the profound unknown,
Illumined, fair, and lone,
Each star is set to shimmer in its place.
In the profound divine
Each soul is set to shine,
And its unique appointed orbit trace.

There is no near nor far,
Where glorious Algebar
Swings round his mighty circuit through the
night,

Yet where without a sound

The winged seed comes to ground,

And the red leaf seems hardly to alight.

One force, one lore, one need

For satellite and seed,
In the serene benignity for all.

Letting her time-glass run

With star-dust, sun by sun,
In Nature's thought there is no great nor small.

There is no far nor near
Within the spirit's sphere.
The summer sunset's scarlet-yellow wings
Are tinged with the same dye
That paints the tulip's ply.
And what is colour but the soul of things?

(The earth was without form;
Go! moulded it with storm,
Ice, flood, and tempest, gleaming tint and hue;
Lest it should come to ill
For lack of spirit still,
He gave it colour, — let the love shine through.)

My joy of yesterday
Is just as far away
As the first rapture of my man's estate.
A lifetime or an hour
Has all there is of power.
In Nature's love there is no small nor great.

Of old, men said, "Sin not;
By every line and jot
Ye shall abide; man's heart is false and vile."
Christ said, "By Love alone
In man's heart is God known;
Obey the word no falsehood can defile."

The wise physician there
Of our distress had care,
And laid his finger on the pulse of time.
And there to eyes unsealed
Earth's secret lay revealed,
The truth that knows not any age nor clime.

The heart of the ancient wood
Was a grim solitude,
The sanction of a worship no less grim;
Man's ignorance and fear
Peopled the natural year
With forces evil and malign to him.

He saw the wild, rough way
Of cosmic powers at play;
He did not see the love that lay below.
Jehovah, Mars, and Thor,
These were the gods of war
He made in his own likeness long ago.

Then came the Word, and said,
"See how the world is made,—
With how much loving kindness, ceaseless care.
Not Wrath, but Love, call then
The Lord of beasts and men,
Whose hand sustains the sparrows in the air."

And since that day we prove
Only how great is love,
Nor to this hour its greatness half believe.
For to what other power
Will life give equal dower,
Or chaos grant one moment of reprieve!

Look down the ages' line,
Where slowly the divine
Evinces energy, puts forth control;
See mighty love alone
Transmuting stock and stone,
Infusing being, helping sense and soul.

And what is energy,
In-working, which bids be
The starry pageant and the life of earth?
What is the genesis
Of every joy and bliss,
Each action dared, each beauty brought to birth?

What hangs the sun on high?
What swells the growing rye?
What bids the loons cry on the Northern lake?
What stirs in swamp and swale,
When April winds prevail,
And all the dwellers of the ground awake?

What lurks in the dry seed,
But waiting to be freed,
Asleep and patient for a hundred years?
Till of earth, rain, and sun,
A miracle is done,
Some magic calls the sleeper and he hears,—

E

Arouses, puts forth blade
And leaf and bud, arrayed
Some morning in that garb of rosy snow,
The same fair matchless flower
As shed its petal-shower
Through old Iberean gardens long ago.

What is it that endures,
Survives, persists, immures
Life's very self, preserving type and plan?—
Yet learns the scope of change,
As the long cycles range,—
Looks through the eyes of bluebird, wolf, and man?

What lurks in the deep gaze
Of the old wolf? Amaze,
Hope, recognition, gladness, anger, fear.
But deeper than all these
Love muses, yearns, and sees,
And is the self that does not change nor veer.

Not love of self alone,
Struggle for lair and bone,
But self-denying love of mate and young,
Love that is kind and wise,
Knows trust and sacrifice,
And croons the old dark universal tongue.

In Nature you behold
But strivings manifold,
Battle and conflict, tribe warring against tribe?
Look deeper, and see all
That death cannot appal,
Failure intimidate, nor fortune bribe.

Our brothers of the air

Who come with June must dare,

Be bold and strong, have knowledge, lust, and
choice;

Yet think, when glad hosts throng
The summer woods with song,
Love gave them beauty and love lends them voice.

Love surely in some form

Bade them brave night and storm,—

Was the dark binnacle that held them true,
Those tiny mariners

No unknown voyage deters,
When the old migrant longing stirs anew.

And who has understood

Our brothers of the wood,

Save he who put off guile and every guise

Of violence, — made truce

With panther, bear, and moose,

As beings like ourselves whom love makes wise?

For they, too, do love's will,
Our lesser clansmen still;
The House of Many Mansions holds us all;
Courageous, glad, and hale,
They go forth on the trail,
Hearing the message, hearkening to the call.

Oh, not fortuitous chance
Alone, nor circumstance,
Begot the creatures after their own kind;
But always loving will
Was present to fulfil
The primal purpose groping up to mind.

Adversity but bade

New puissance spring to aid,

New powers develop, new aptness come in play;

Yet never function wrought

Capacity from nought,—

Gave skill and mastery to the shapes of clay;

For always while new need

Evoked new thought through deed,

Old self was there to ponder, choose, and strive.

Fortune might mould, evolve,

But impulse must resolve,

Equipped at length to know, rejoice, and thrive.

And evermore must Love
Hearten, foresee, approve,
And look upon the work and find it good;
Else would all effort fail,—
The very stars avail
Less than a swarm of fireflies in a wood.

Take love out of the world

One day, and we are hurled

Back into night, to perish in the void.

Love is the very girth

And cincture of this earth,

No stitch to be unloosed, no link destroyed.

However wild and long
The battle of the strong,
Stronger and longer are the hours of peace,
When gladness has its way
Under the fair blue day,
And life aspires, takes thought, bids good increase.

So dawns the awaited hour

When the great cosmic power

Of love was first declared by Christ; so too

To-day we keep in mind

His name who taught mankind

That open secret old, yet ever new,—

Commemorate his birth

Who loved the kindly earth,

Was gentle, strong, compassionate, humane,

And tolerant and wise

And glad, — the very guise

And height of manhood not to lose again.

Shall we not then forego
Lavish perfunctory show,
The burdensome display, the empty gift,
That we may have to give
To every soul alive
Of love's illumination, cheer, and lift?

See rich and poor be fed!

Break up thy soul for bread,

Be loaves and fishes to the hungry heart,

That a great multitude,

Receiving of thy good,

May bless the God within thee and depart!

You workman, love your work
Or leave it. Let no irk
Unsteady the laborious hand, that still
Must give the spirit play
To follow her own way
To beauty, through devotion, care, and skill.

How otherwise find vent
For soul's imperious bent,
Than thro' these hands for wonder-working made,
When Love the sure and bold
Guides to the unforetold?
Blessed the craftsman who is unafraid!

Give Beauty her sweet will,

Make love your mistress still,

You lovers, nor delay! God's time be yours.

Make low-born jealousy

And doubt ashamed to be,

And cast old envious gossip out-of-doors.

Believe the truth of love,

Enact the beauty of love,

Praise and adore the goodliness of love.

For we are wise by love,

And strong and fair through love,

No less than sainted and inspired with love.

Remember the new word

The Syrian twilight heard,

That marvellous discourse which John records,

The one last great command

The Master left his band,

"Love one another!" And our time affords

What greater scope than just
To execute that trust?
Love greatly; love; love is life's best employ.
Neighbour, sweetheart, or friend,
Love wholly, to love's end;
So is the round world richer for your joy.

Love only, one or all!

Measure no great and small!

Love is a seed, life-bearing, undecayed;

And that immortal germ

Past bounds of zone and term

Will grow and cover the whole world with shade.

Sow love, it cannot fail;
Adversity's sharp hail
May cut all else to ground; fair love survives.
The black frost of despair
And slander's bitter air,—
Love will outlast them by a thousand lives.

Be body, mind and soul,
Subject to love's control,
Each loving to the limit of love's power;
And all as one, not three,
So is man's trinity
Enhanced and freed and gladdened hour by hour.

Beauty from youth to age,
The body's heritage,
Love will not forfeit by neglect nor shame;
And knowledge, dearly bought,
Love will account as nought,
Unless it serve soul's need and body's claim.

Let soul desire, mind ask,
And body crave; our task
Be to fulfil each want in love's own way.
So shall the good and true
Partake of beauty too,
And life be helped and greatened day by day.

Spend love, and save it not;
In act, in wish, in thought,
Spend love upon this lifetime without stint.
Let not the heart grow dry,
As the good hours go by;
Love now, see earth take on the glory tint.

Open the door to-night
Within your heart, and light
The lantern of love there to shine afar.
On a tumultuous sea
Some straining craft, maybe,
With bearings lost, shall sight love's silver star.

THE END.